November '99

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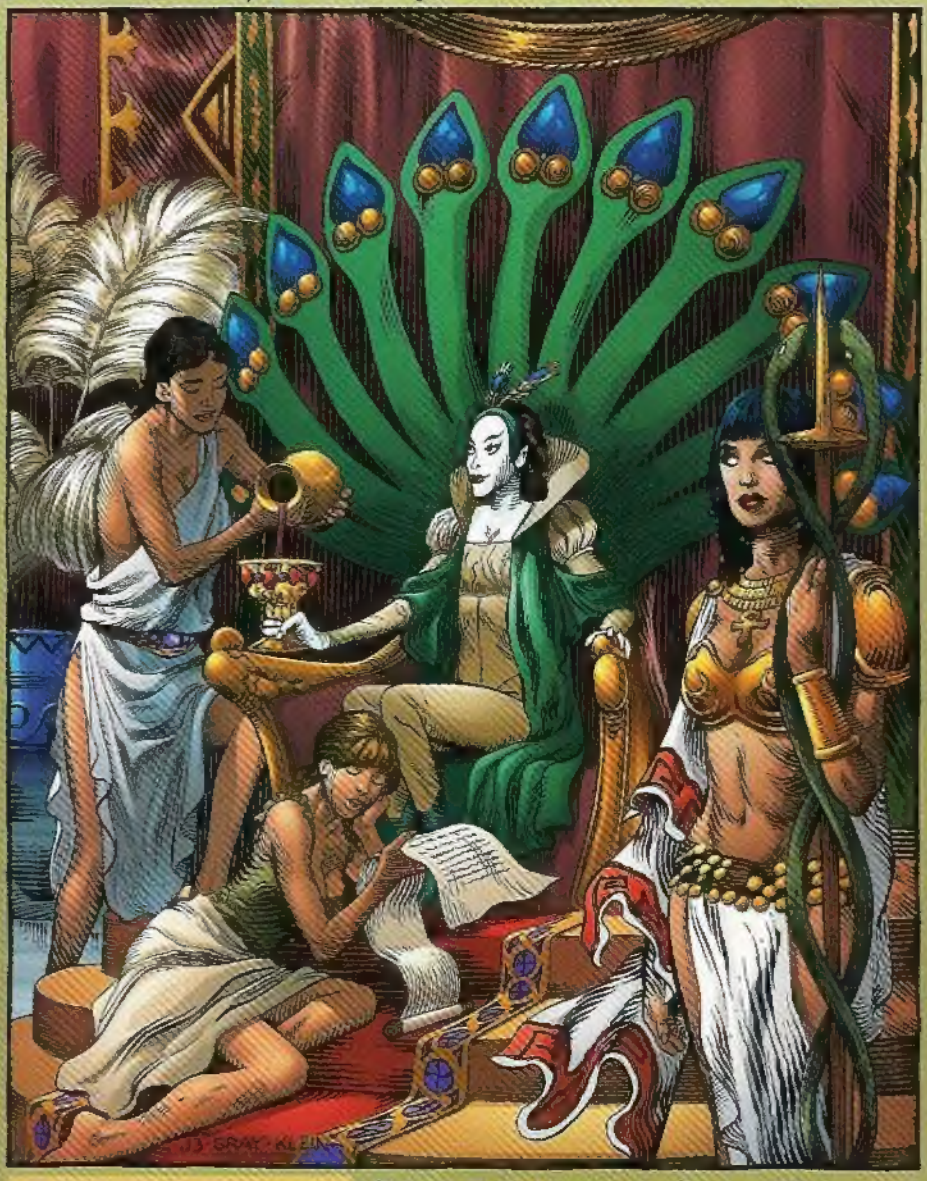
# PROMETHEA™

by Alan Moore, J.H. Williams III

Mick Gray, Charles Vess & Todd Klein



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Being an Epicke on the Realms of Fantasie in the wordes of Charlton Sennet, privately imprinted in the City of Boston, entytled

## A FAERIE ROMANCE

SOUTH TOWER HOSPITAL. NEW YORK, 1999 A.D.:
I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS. WHY IS HER BODY REJECTING THE GRAFTED CLONE TISSUE? IT SHOULD BE EXACTLY THE SAME AS HER OWN.
I'M GOING TO HAVE TO GIVE HER ANTIBIOTICS TO CHECK THE REJECTION PROCESS...
THAT'S GOING TO BOOST THE RISK OF INFECTION...
WE DON'T HAVE A CHOICE. IF HER BODY CONTINUES TO REJECT ITSELF, MRS. SHELLEY IS DEAD.
HMMPH.
WELL, I GOTTA SAY, THIS DON'T LOOK TOO FRIGGIN' GOOD.
BUT...LOOK, I DON'T KNOW, THERE WAS THAT FUNNY BLACK INFECTION IN THE WOUND WHEN SHE WAS BROUGHT IN...
IN FACT, THIS LOOKS FRIGGIN' AWFUL. I WONDER WHAT THE GIRLS HAVE TO SAY ABOUT IT?
YES, BUT THE INFECTION VANISHED. I MEAN, IT DIDN'T CLEAR UP, IT JUST... I DON'T KNOW. EVAPORATED OR SOMETHING.
LIKE IT WAS NEVER THERE...
MAYBE I OUGHTTA GO ASK 'EM. I HAVEN'T BEEN ACROSS TO VISIT IN A WHILE...
...BUT I GUESS I STILL KNOW THE WAY.
BARBARA. WE WERE WONDERING WHEN YOU'D SHOW UP.
DO CLOSE THE DOOR. YOU'RE LETTING IN A DREADFUL SMELL OF ANTISEPTIC...

SORRY. HI, GRACE. HI, MARGARET, ANNA, BILL. HI, MARGIE. BOY, I'LL TELLYA, HAVE I HAD A ROUGH NIGHT!
LIKE, FIRST THERE'S THIS NEW TEENAGE PROMETHEA, THEN I GET IN A SLAPPING MATCH WITH A SMEE, AND NOW I THINK I'M DYING.
YOU POOR DARLING. HAVE HAREBELL AND MEADOWSWEET FIX YOU A DRINK AND THEN TELL US ALL ABOUT IT. WHAT'S THE NEW GIRL LIKE?
FLAT CHESTED AND NEUROTIC, I'LL BET.

# PROMETHEA
## A FAERIE ROMANCE

Alan Moore: writer · J.H. Williams III: penciller · Mick Gray: inker, welcoming Charles Vess: artist, pp. 8-15 · Jeromy N. Cox: colors · Todd Klein: letters · Eric DeSantis: asst. ed. · Scott Dunbier: editor · Promethea created by Moore & Williams III

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UH, WELL, YEAH, PRETTY MUCH. BUT I'LL TELLYA, GRACE, SHE'S GOOD WHEN SHE GETS INTO CHARACTER. SHE JUST ABOUT VAPORIZED THAT SMEE.
THANKS, GIRLS. THAT'S PLENTY.
OH, BARBARA, HONEY, GRACE WAS JUST BEING CATTY. WE'RE SURE SHE'S FABULOUS.
BILL, YOU THINK EVERYTHING'S FABULOUS. SO, BARBARA, DOES THIS NEW VESSEL HAVE A NAME?

YEAH. HER NAME'S SOPHIE BANGS, AND SHE'S A COLLEGE KID. I'M JUST WORRIED I'M GONNA CROAK BEFORE I'VE SHOWN HER THE ROPES.
SAY, THIS IS PRETTY GOOD. WHAT IS IT?
IT'S A LIQUEUR MADE FROM MOONLIGHT AND CREAM OF CHAMELEON. ANNA IMAGINED IT INTO EXISTENCE THE OTHER DAY, DIDN'T YOU, DARLING?

THAT I DID, MISTRESS GRACE.
OH. YOU ARE BEING NOSEY. THIS IS A FINE THING, I DO NOT THINK! OH!
THIS NEW LASS SOUNDS TO BE AS YOUNG AS I. WE SHOULD LOOK IN THE STARPOOL AND SEE HOW SHE FARES.
SHUT UP, MARGIE. CAN YOU SEE ANYTHING, ANNA?

MAYHAP I CAN, MISTRESS BILL. IS THAT THE GIRL YOU SPOKE OF, MISTRESS BARBARA?
YEAH, THAT'S HER. LAST NIGHT SHE HANDLED ONE SMEE, TWO GOETIC DEMONS AND A RESCUE FROM THE IMMATERIA.
GUESS SHE'S SLEEPING IT OFF.
ONLY TWO GOETIC DEMONS? DARLING, THAT'S NOTHING.
SHUSH, GRACE. LET'S SEE WHAT SHE DOES...

EUGGHH!
URRGH. MORNING, SOPH. OH, AND YOUR LITTLE PAL. WHAT TIME DID YOU TWO GET IN LAST NIGHT?
ABOUT AN HOUR BEFORE YOU DID. ARE BOTH THOSE COFFEES FOR YOU?
MORNING, TRISH. YOU LOOK GREAT.
DROP DEAD, YOU LITTLE MORON. AND SOPHIE, MY COFFEE'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, OKAY?
HEY, TRIXIE, WHERE'S THAT COFFEE?
IT'S "TRISH," AND I GOT IT HERE, YOU JERK. JESUS CHRIST...
Y'KNOW, SOPH, YOUR MOM IS A VAST WHORE. I SORT OF ADMIRE HER...
YEAH, WHATEVER.
THIS PROMETHEA BUSINESS IS SCARING ME, STACE. I HAVE TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT IT.
SKYCAB
GOD, YOU ARE TOTALLY AN ENORMOUS LESBO.
OH, YOU WISH.
STACIA, MY HEAD'S FULL OF POP ROCKS. DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT?
LES MISERABLE
THAT'LL MAKE THINGS MORE... I DUNNO. MORE REAL. WE OUGHTTA JUST FORGET ANYTHING HAPPENED...
THERE'S REAL PEOPLE TRYING TO KILL ME, STACIA.
OTHERS BEFORE ME HAVE COPED WITH THIS.
I GOTTA BE LIKE THEM.
TAXI!
THE BOSTON PAMELA ANDERSON
YEAH.
YEAH, YOU'RE PROPELLEA.
HOLY COW, SOPHIE.
WHAT, YOU MEAN DEAD?
I'M SERIOUS. WE'LL FINISH OUR CEREAL, THEN GO TO THE LIBRARY. I CAN MAYBE FIND MORE MATERIAL ON CHARLTON SENNETT AND THOSE GUYS...
NOW, EAT YOUR ACHOCALYPSE POPS.
"PROMETHEA." BUT YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT. HOLY COW.
Y'KNOW, WHEN I WOKE UP I WAS STILL HOLDING THIS BALLPOINT? THE ONE MRS. SHELLEY GAVE ME?
C'MON. LET'S GO GET BREAKFAST.
ACHOCAL POPS
FREE INSIDE
4

I HAD FORGOT JUST WHAT A WHIRL AND DAZZLE THERE IS IN THE MORTAL WORLD.
AND I LIKE THE WAY THESE GIRLS ARE. THEY SEEM NOT SO COWED BY THINGS AS I ONCE WAS.
ANNA, DARLING, BACK IN YOUR DAY, YOU'D BE BEATEN IF YOU ANSWERED BACK. THESE SCATTY LITTLE BITS OF FLUFF HAVE HAD LIFE RATHER EASIER...
OH! THEY ARE RUDE, THAT IS FOR SURE. YES. OH!
MARSIE, WHY DON'T YOU JUST SHUT YOUR LITTLE HOLE? I THINK SOPHIE IS VERY SWEET. SHE'S...
OH, LOOK, MISS SMART-ASS IS GOING TO GET DONUTS.
cafe khaddaffi
GOOD. SHE GOT ON MY NERVES.
YEAH, I THINK THAT WAS STACIA, THE ONE SOPHIE RESCUED FROM THE IMMATERIA.
SEE HOW SOPHIE HEADS STRAIGHT FOR THE LIBRARY, TO CHECK THINGS OUT?
I TOLDJA SHE WAS SMART...
SHE'LL NEED TO BE MORE THAN SMART, BARBARA. WE'VE NOTCHED UP A GREAT MANY ENEMIES OVER THE CENTURIES.
THEY'LL ALL BE GUNNING FOR HER DURING THESE FIRST FEW WEEKS, DURING HER TRANSITION PERIOD, WHEN SHE'S AT HER MOST INEXPERIENCED.

SHE'S LIKE A BABY CRAB, FRESH-HATCHED UPON THE TIDELINE. SHE HAS TO RUN FOR THE SAFETY OF THE OCEAN BEFORE THE GULLS TAKE HER.
THE TEMPLE ALREADY TRIED TWICE. I WONDER WHO'LL BE NEXT?
I MEAN, I THOUGHT MAYBE THE NIGHT QUEEN. SHE ALWAYS GAVE YOU AND ME A HARD TIME, BILL.
OH, I'LL SAY! THAT SULPHUROUS SLUT GOT ME KILLED, YOU KNOW!
STILL, I HEAR SHE HARDLY LEAVES THE UNDERWORLD THESE DAYS...
HUM! I DO NOT LIKE BAD FAIRIES. NO SIR! HUH!
A FAERIE ROMANCE
THE LIFE AND TIMES OF
CHARLTON SENNET
MARGIE, DARLING, MUCH AS WE ALL LOVE YOU, IF YOU DON'T KEEP QUIET, I SHALL DISINTEGRATE YOU.
OH, LOOK, ANNA. IT'S YOUR STORY THE NEW GIRL'S INTERESTED IN.
AYE. AYE, SO IT SEEMS.
I-I CANNOT SAY I LIKE IT WHEN MY TALE IS READ. THE PAIN OF IT IS ALL TOO FRESH.
MY BABY, AND HOW SHE WAS TOOK FROM ME.
Chapter One
Charlton Sennet was twenty eight years old when he took his adoring wife Emily and moved with her to a woodside cabin on the outskirts of Boston in the April of 1779. Sennet, the son of a New Hampshire mill owner, had married Emily two years before, when he'd been twenty six and she a girl of barely twenty. Sennet, at that time, was a young man without profession who subsisted on a generous allowance from his wealthy father. Though it seems he had discovered the possibility of taking up some pursuit upon occasions in the Spring that was not until the Spring that he and his bride settled in their arbor
AND HIM. I LOVED HIM, SISTERS, THAT I DID.
I LOVED HIM.

I am alone. I stare into the table's woodgrain and dare not look up. I say the words once more. I am alone.
My wife has gone, my Emily.
So too has Anna gone, my mistress, and with her my muse, likewise departed.
I shall say it yet again:
I am alone

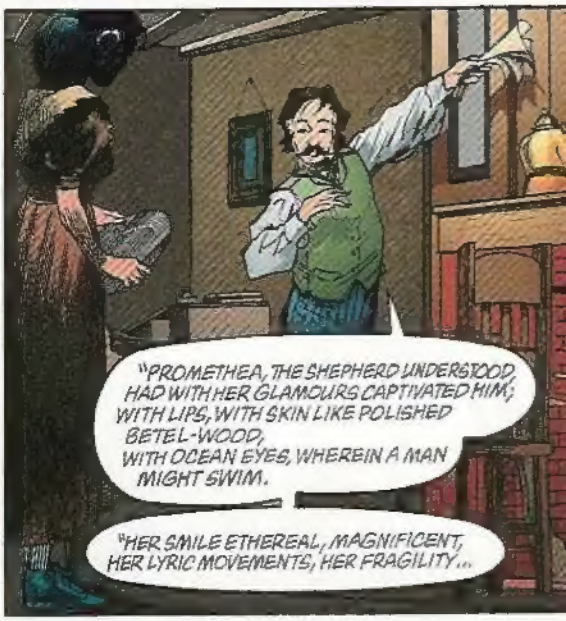
Today is New Year, first day of a bright new century. I fear I am not long for.
More than twenty years ago, we came here when this place seemed full of hope.
Hope and Inspiration...
MASTER CHARLTON?
MISTRESS EMILY SAYS I'M TO CALL YOU FOR YOUR SUPPER, BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, FOR INTERRUPTING.
OH, DON'T WORRY, ANNA. YOU'VE NOT INTERRUPTED ANYTHING OF CONSEQUENCE.
I'M FIFTY STANZAS INTO THIS CONFOUNDED PIECE, AND NOTHING INTERESTING HAS HAPPENED.
OH, DO NOT SAY SUCH THINGS, SIR! WHAT YOU READ TO ME ABOUT THE SHEPHERD BOY FAIR TUGGED MY HEART.
WHY, BLESS YOU. SADLY, I'M HAVING RATHER MORE DIFFICULTY IMAGINING THE FAIRIES MY POEM'S SUPPOSEDLY ABOUT.
AH, CHARLTON. THERE YOU ARE!
LOOK WHAT A FEAST I'VE MADE FOR US!
YOU'RE SURELY HUNGRY AFTER YOUR HARD WORK?
I-I'LL GO AND SEE THE GRAVY DOESN'T BURN...
EMILY, IT MAY NOT LOOK AS IF I'M DOING MUCH, BUT WRITING IS HARD WORK.
I'M CERTAIN THAT IT IS...
...BUT SURELY ONE AS PRACTICED AS YOURSELF MIGHT DO IT WITH HIS EYES CLOSED?
IN FACT, NOW I THINK OF IT, I'M SURE I'VE OFTEN SEEN YOU WORK THAT WAY.
ANNA, DEAR, WOULD YOU PASS THE GRAVY?

"About their Queen, four nymphs in waiting stood, Girded in armor, each of beauty rare,
"Cowslip and Flax and Jenny-in-the-Wood...
"Then to that diamond-beaded glade there came A pageant throng of sweet imaginings,
"Of Fairies, imps and creatures without name.
"A great, frenetic bustling of wings.
"...and sweet Promethea, with her plaited hair."
GOOD DAY TO YOU, MASTER CHARLTON.
*UHWHAA...?
A-ANNA?

June 7th 1779:

WELL, MASTER CHARLTON, WITH MISS EMILY AWAY TO SEE HER PARENTS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE THIS NEXT WEEK, PERHAPS YOU'LL GET SOME WORK DONE.
ACTUALLY, ANNA, I'VE ALREADY MADE GREAT PROGRESS... AND IT'S THANKS TO YOU.

T-TO ME? WHY, SIR, WHATEVER DO YOU MEAN?
WELL, I'VE PARTLY BASED THE LEADING FAERIE UPON YOU, AFTER THIS SORT OF DAYDREAM THAT I HAD.
HERE, IF YOU LIKE, I'LL READ SOME TO YOU.


"PROMETHEA, THE SHEPHERD UNDERSTOOD, HAD WITH HER GLAMOURS CAPTIVATED HIM; WITH LIPS, WITH SKIN LIKE POLISHED BETEL-WOOD, WITH OCEAN EYES, WHEREIN A MAN MIGHT SWIM.
"HER SMILE ETHEREAL, MAGNIFICENT, HER LYRIC MOVEMENTS, HER FRAGILITY...

"HER GENTLENESS, HER ORCHIDACEOUS SCENT ENRAPTURED HIM, ENSLAVED HIM UTTERLY.
"PHANTASMAGORIA, MADE SOMEHOW REAL, YET DELICATE, PERHAPS TO DISAPPEAR AT HIS IMPETUOUS TOUCH, HIS NEED TO FEEL HER SUMMER-JASMINE BREATH CLOSE TO HIS EAR."

CHARLTON...

MORE WORDS...
WORDS
BRING ME
THROUGH
"Unchained, the poet-shepherd's tongue took flight.
Such verse and poesy from his lips there poured..."
A-ANNA?
I-IS IT YOU?
"As might lend substance to this sylph of light,
Or goad the very Heavens to applaud."
NO
"She, raised in realms of Fancy, had ne'er known
Another's flesh, nor that warm, mortal thrill
Of passion. How they loved! Each sigh and moan
Would halt the world, or bid all time stand still."

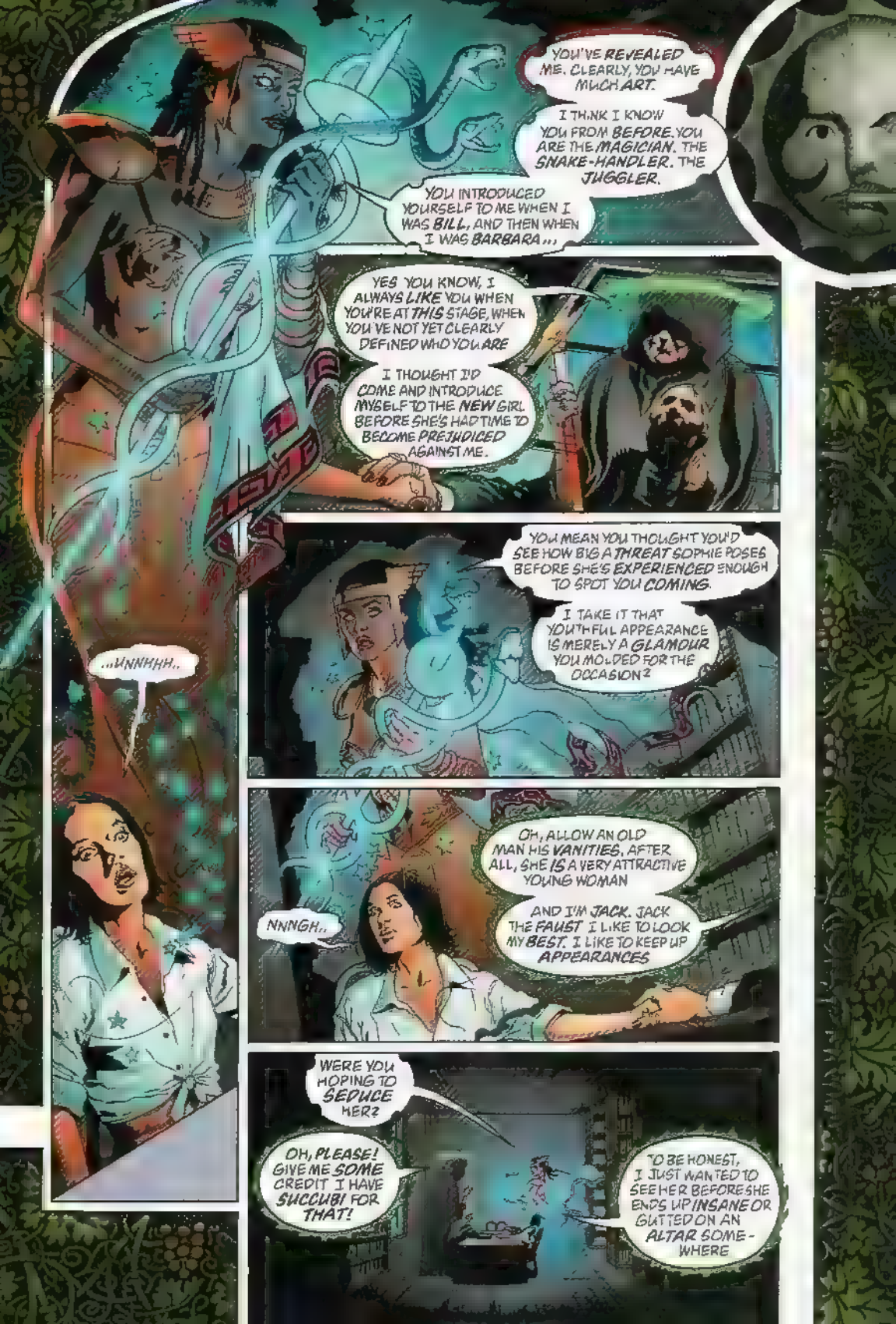
"Each kiss endured while mountains wore to dust. Whole lives passed 'twixt each measured bedboard creak. So lost were they in their transcendant lust That they knew not the hour, nor day.
.. nor week.
"Embracing, Heaven, Earth slips through our hands. Worldly affairs fragment, and fall away..
"We reached that place which no man understands. Where reason falters, and blind love holds sway."
M-MASTER CHARLTON? WAS IT EVER.. AAAA!
W-WAS IT EVER ME YOU LOVED? J-JUST FOR A..IT'LE... AAOOW...A LITTLE WHILE?
H-HUSH, ANNA, THE BABY..
THE BABY, THE BABY'S WRONG. Y-YOU CAN'T... AACH... YOU CAN'T... MAKE CHILDREN... WITH A STORY DID YOU...
DID YOU LOVE ME?
A-ANNA...
DID YOU... AAAAAA!
NNA-AAAA-AAH!
ANNA, I'S COMING. Or DEAR LORD, THE BABY. I'S

OH GOD. ANNA... THE BABY, IT'S...
I-IT'S NOT A BABY! IT'S ONLY HALF REAL, ANNA! IT'S...
ANNA?

I only made one grave which some found queer but there was only Anna to be buried
After all, we did not have a child. Rather we had the dream of one..
..and that dream why it vanished. Melted quite away
Save for these wretched, ill-kept journals, I have written not a word since then. My muse. My muse is gone.
I see the fairies only when I drink now, which is all the time. My love is not amongst them.
It was not Anna that I loved. It was the fantasy I'd spun about her.
Now that fantasy has faded, I sometimes doubt it ever truly happened and was not instead some dream of mine.
But things are ever thus with fairies...
.. and romance.
I am alone.

SOPHIE.
HUH?
UHH...
HOW...HOW DID IT GET SO DARK? WHERE DID EVERY-BODY...?
"HOW DID IT GET SO DARK?"
WHO...?
"WHERE DID EVERYBODY GO?"
AAAA!
EITHER PHRASE WOULD WORK NICELY ON A TOMBSTONE, WOULDN'T IT?

WAIT A MINUTE... WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE? WHO ARE YOU?
DID YOU EVER SEE A DREAM WALKING?
WELL, I DID...
DID YOU EVER HEAR A DREAM TALKING?
WELL, I DID
YOU'RE SOPHIE BANGS, ISN'T IT? YOU'RE THE NEW BEAUTEOUS CUTIEOUS WITH A CADUCEUS UP YOUR GLUTEUS.
I'M JACK FAUST.
I--I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. I... WAIT A MINUTE. I HEARD OF YOU.
BAR... UH, A FRIEND OF MINE I THINK SHE MENTIONED YOU.
FAT BABS? COMPLIMENTARY, I HOPE?
SHE'S GOING TO DIE, YOU KNOW. IN THREE DAYS TIME.
L-LOOK, I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON, OKAY?
A-AND I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU THINK I AM, BUT THIS IS CREEPY AND I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE.
OH SOPHIE...
SOPHIE, SOPHIE, BO BOPHIE. BANANA-FANA-FO FOPHIE ME, MI, MO MOPHIE. SOPHIE,,
...LET'S CUT THE CRAP.

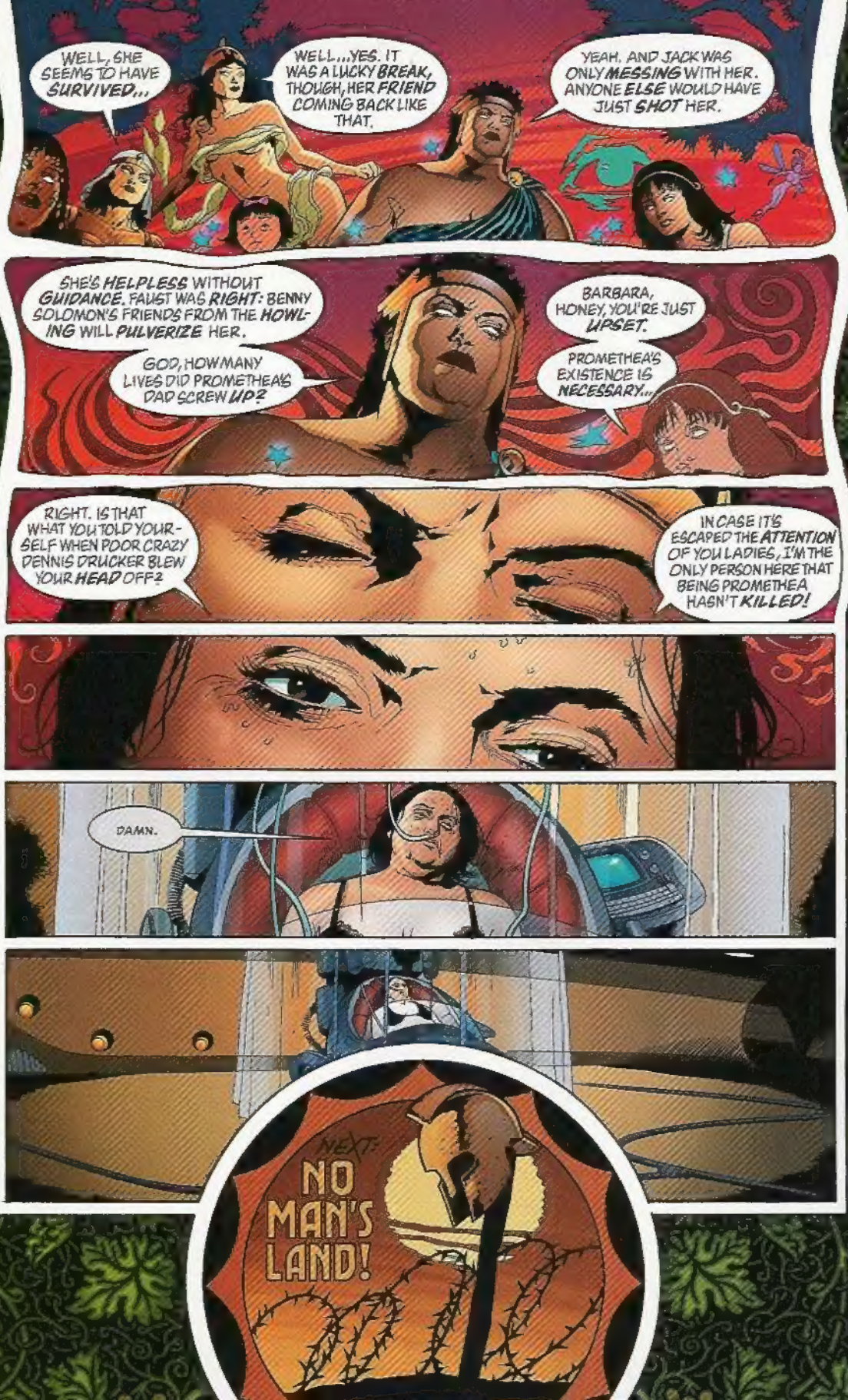

YOU'VE REVEALED ME. CLEARLY, YOU HAVE MUCH ART.
I THINK I KNOW YOU FROM BEFORE. YOU ARE THE MAGICIAN. THE SNAKE-HANDLER. THE JUGGLER.
YOU INTRODUCED YOURSELF TO ME WHEN I WAS BILL, AND THEN WHEN I WAS BARBARA...
YES. YOU KNOW, I ALWAYS LIKE YOU WHEN YOU'RE AT THIS STAGE, WHEN YOU'VE NOT YET CLEARLY DEFINED WHO YOU ARE
I THOUGHT I'D COME AND INTRODUCE MYSELF TO THE NEW GIRL BEFORE SHE'S HAD TIME TO BECOME PREJUDICED AGAINST ME.
YOU MEAN YOU THOUGHT YOU'D SEE HOW BIG A THREAT SOPHIE POSES BEFORE SHE'S EXPERIENCED ENOUGH TO SPOT YOU COMING.
I TAKE IT THAT YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE IS MERELY A GLAMOUR YOU MOULDED FOR THE OCCASION?
..UNNHHH..
OH, ALLOW AN OLD MAN HIS VANITIES. AFTER ALL, SHE IS A VERY ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN
AND I'M JACK. JACK THE FAUST. I LIKE TO LOOK MY BEST. I LIKE TO KEEP UP APPEARANCES
NNNGH..
WERE YOU HOPING TO SEDUCE HER?
OH, PLEASE! GIVE ME SOME CREDIT. I HAVE SUCCUBI FOR THAT!
TO BE HONEST, I JUST WANTED TO SEE HER BEFORE SHE ENDS UP INSANE OR GUTTED ON AN ALTAR SOMEWHERE

I MEAN, YOU DO KNOW HOW MANY ENEMIES ARE GUNNING FOR HER, DON'T YOU?
THERE'S A MAGICIAN CALLED BENNY SOLOMON. I HEAR HE'S FLYING INTO NEW YORK SPECIALLY TO SEE YOU. YOU OUGHT TO WATCH OUT FOR HIM
HE SENT THOSE DEMONS...
YES SO THEY TOLD ME. HE WORKS FOR THE TEMPLE.
ONLY ON A FREELANCE BASIS. THE TEMPLE WOULD NEVER ADMIT TO EMPLOYING A MAGICIAN. IT'S AGAINST THEIR RELIGION.
STILL, THEY WANT YOU DEAD THEY THINK YOU'RE GOING TO END THE WORLD.
WHY WOULD THEY THINK THAT?
OH, YOU'RE SO SWEET WHEN YOU'RE IN THIS AMNESIAC INBETWEEN STATE. I ALMOST FORGET HOW MUCH I HATE YOU THE REST OF THE TIME
THEY THINK THAT BECAUSE YOU ARE GOING TO END THE WORLD, DUMMY.
BUT... THAT'S NOT TRUE!
YOU REALLY CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING, CAN YOU? NOW, PERSONALLY, I THINK ENDING THE WORLD'S AN EXCELLENT IDEA! ANY REAL MAGICIAN WOULD AGREE.
PROMETHEA'S FATHER CERTAINLY DID WHEN HE UNLEASHED HIS DYING CURSE UPON HUMANITY.
THAT'S YOU, INCIDENTALLY.
AH
THAT'S BETTER
I SEE. I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION.

JACK FAUST! GODDAMN! THIS IS SCREWED.
BILL, YOU OR ME SHOULD HAVE SPOTTED HIM EARLIER, THE AMOUNT OF TROUBLE HE GAVE US!
WELL, DON'T LOOK AT ME! YOU CAN SEE YOURSELF, HE WAS USING A GLAMOUR! I'VE NEVER HAD ANY RESISTANCE TO GLAMOURS!
DON'T KEEP US IN SUSPENSE, DARLINGS! WHO IS HE?
JACK'S A MAGICIAN... OR AT LEAST, HE IS THESE DAYS.
HE'S MANIPULATING SOPHIE, MISDIRECTING HER YOU HEARD WHAT HE SAID ABOUT ENDING THE WORLD...
OH! HE IS BAD YES!
BE QUIET, MARGIE GRACE THIS IS SERIOUS. TOO MUCH KNOWLEDGE MIGHT UNBALANCE HER...
YES YES, IT MIGHT, RATHER AND AN INSANE PROMETHEA IS TOO DREADFUL TO CONTEMPLATE.
DO YOU KNOW, I ABSOLUTELY HATE MAGICIANS.
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO? HE'S SNARED HER AT HER MOST VULNERABLE.
SISTERS, LOOK HERE! A NEW IMAGE IS FORMING...
OH. IT'S LITTLE MISS "MY HEAD'S SO WIDE I NEED INDICATOR LIGHTS ON MY GLASSES!" WHAT'S SHE DOING?
MM. SHE HAS DONUTS. I AM HUNGRY FOR SURE!
WILL SOMEBODY SHUT THIS LITTLE FIGMENT UP BEFORE I CLUB HER?
JEEZ..

CAFE KHADRFF
SEARCH
PROMETHEA
ATL
WOW! TONS OF STUFF!
I GOTTA PRINT SOME O' THIS...
gwmpfs
FOFIE?

OH, FOR SET'S SAKE...
UHHH...
WHAT?
WHAT... WHAT DID YOU DO? WH-WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHER GUY...?
HE WAS A GLAMOUR, YOU VACUOUS LITTLE BIMBO.
THIS WHOLE THING WAS A WASTE OF MY TIME. I HOPE BENNY SOLOMON'S BOYS CUT YOU TO PIECES!
HEY YOU LEAVE HER BE!
UP YOURS, GIDGET.
AND AS FOR YOU, YOU'RE GONNA GET EXACTLY WHAT YOU DESERVE!
I COULDA HAD THINGS REAL SWEET IN THAT BEAN-STALK KINGDOM IF YOU HADN'T BITCHED EVERY-THING UP!
SCREW YOU, LADY. SCREW YOU!
WELL, HE SUCKED.
GOD, WHEN I WALKED IN, HE WAS, LIKE, TOTALLY HAVING SEX WITH YOU!
HE WAS NOT. HE WAS JUST TOUCHING MY HAND. I- IT WAS SOME KIND OF MIND THING HE WAS DOING.
H-HE SAID A LOT OF STUFF, AND IT WAS ALL SORT OF SCARY AND UPSETTING.
EVERYTHING WAS DARK, LIKE THE LIBRARY WAS DESERTED...
AW, HE WAS JUST SOME MANIAC WINO.
HEY, LOOK WHAT I GOT!
THERE'S ALL KIND OF STUFF ABOUT PROMETHEA THAT I FOUND ON THE NET.
THERE'S THIS FRENCH LESBIAN WRITER DID THIS THING, "THE BOOK OF PROMETHEA," AND THERE'S THIS BLACK METAL BAND CALLED HECATE ENTHRONED...
STACIA...
NO, BUT, LIKE, THEY HAVE THIS NUMBER CALLED "PROMETHEA MY DARKEST MASK OF SURREALITY!!!"
STACE, I JUST READ THIS REALLY SAD STORY ABOUT THE 18th CENTURY PROMETHEA, AND THEN THAT MAGICIAN GUY JUMPED ME...
I'M KIND OF SHOOK UP AND PROMETHEA'D OUT. CAN'T WE JUST GO INTO COLLEGE AND DO SOME-THING NORMAL?
BROUGHT TO YOU BY:
ELASTAGEL
"TEXTure"
GOING INTO COLLEGE IS NORMAL?
This is "TEXTure"
Mayor Sonny Baskerville: Nuts or what?
The SLEAZE ENQUIRY into New York's first multiple personality disorder MAYOR became more COMPLEX today.
A new personality called "The Squealer" claimed that all 42 personalities, including HIMSELF, were an elaborate SHAM.
This is "TEXTure"
HMMMM...


WELL, SHE SEEMS TO HAVE SURVIVED...
WELL...YES. IT WAS A LUCKY BREAK, THOUGH, HER FRIEND COMING BACK LIKE THAT.
YEAH. AND JACK WAS ONLY MESSING WITH HER. ANYONE ELSE WOULD HAVE JUST SHOT HER.
SHE'S HELPLESS WITHOUT GUIDANCE. FAUST WAS RIGHT: BENNY SOLOMON'S FRIENDS FROM THE HOWLING WILL PULVERIZE HER.
GOD, HOW MANY LIVES DID PROMETHEA'S DAD SCREW UP?
BARBARA, HONEY, YOU'RE JUST UPSET.
PROMETHEA'S EXISTENCE IS NECESSARY...
RIGHT. IS THAT WHAT YOU TOLD YOURSELF WHEN POOR CRAZY DENNIS DRUCKER BLEW YOUR HEAD OFF?
IN CASE IT'S ESCAPED THE ATTENTION OF YOU LADIES, I'M THE ONLY PERSON HERE THAT BEING PROMETHEA HASN'T KILLED!
DAMN.
NEXT:
NO MAN'S LAND!

# IMAGINARY LINES

Write to us at 7910 Ivanhoe Ave., Suite 438, La Jolla, CA 92037, email: promethea@wildstorm.com. All submissions appreciated!

Dear person who receives this letter,

I love the new comic *Promethea*. I think it is the best. I have been reading comics since I was about 6, starting with *Barbie*. Anyway, what I have to say is that I think I have the perfect storyline for a *Promethea* comic later on down the road. I am willing to give it to you, but if you use it you have to promise to put me in the credits. That's all for now, hope to hear from you soon.

Fan #60987
Jill-Ann Banks

**Thanks, Jill-Ann, that's a very generous offer. At the moment we're in pretty good shape with story ideas, but feel free to telepathically project (Alan's preferred method of communication, he doesn't believe in e-mail, let alone the Internet) any plots you feel are up to our ridiculously high standards. Good luck!**

Re: *Promethea* #2.

Great, GREAT comics here. I'm buying 2 copies of everything. One to read, one to pass on. I loved this issue as much for the art as the story too.

Thanks.
Marc Bryant
Knoxville, TN

**That's the spirit, Marc, we're waging a grass roots campaign here. America's Best Comics – read by America's Best fans!**

Thanks for the wonderful entertainment. I am truly amazed at how Mr. Moore can write so many great books in one month.

I just wanted to write in about the 2nd issue of *Promethea*. I got a good laugh at the explanation by Mayor Sonny Baskerville's multiple personality "Doug" and his confession to the charges of molestation. You see I live in New York City and I too could relate to Doug's excuse that he himself had been molested by another of the mayor's personalities, in particular "Big Rudy." I too feel molested by my own Mayor Rudy on a regular basis.

Thanks for the insight. And keep up the great work guys. America's Best Comics is off to a great start.

Michael Gerber
New York, NY

**Thanks for the kind sentiments, Michael, but we honestly don't get the connection. Not at all. Really. "Rudy" exists purely in that dark corner of the imagination inhabited by obnoxious city officials hell-bent on inflicting their own moral codes on everyday people while favoring bad comb-overs as illiterate fashion statements. No basis in reality here.**

Dear Alan, J.H., Mick and Todd:

Congratulations on a job well done. You've managed to entertain on a level far beyond that of mere comic books. *Promethea* reads like this summer's action-adventure blockbuster movie. I especially liked the dialogue between the Goetia and Promethea, when she said: "I am the Holy Splendor of the imagination, I cannot be destroyed." This has to be one of the greatest lines in comic books ever!

A most excited fan,
Larry J. Earl
Las Vegas, NV

**Larry, while we appreciate your unbridled enthusiasm, please try to contain yourself in the future. We don't want these effusive outpourings of accolades, offers of indentured servitude, and various immoral propositions to go to Alan's head, now do we?**

J.H. WILLIAMS III
and MICK GRAY
Cover art

WILDSTORM FX
Cover color

TODD KLEIN
Cover logo and design

JIM LEE
Editorial Director

JOHN NEE
VP & General Manager

SCOTT DUNBIER
Group Editor

*Promethea* #1 opens with the date 411 A.D. As I'm sure you know, A.D. stands for "Anno Domini," or "In the Year of Our Lord." Its converse, B.C., stands for "Before Christ." These terms are problematic because they are only true for Christians, which many people (including Alan Moore) are not. While I can see in this particular instance that the use of A.D. might very well be ironic, because the early Christians are about to come in stomping, I am writing in case it was used not ironically, but out of a lack of awareness of alternative terminology.

A more precise terminology is C.E. for A.D., standing for "Common Era," and B.C.E. for "Before Common Era." These terms are widely used academically, but sadly don't yet seem to have made the leap to the public at large.

Kristin Boldon

**Actually, Kristin, we were just recently entertaining thoughts of a parallel nature. How do you feel about BABC and AABC? Has a certain panache, don't you think?**

Dear *Promethea* crew,

After just having read *Promethea* #2, I think I can now safely say that this is yet another new America's Best Comics title that has very successfully managed to pique my interest. With an intriguing concept, quite a number of potentially interesting characters, and of course a superb art team consisting of none other than J.H. Williams III and Mick Gray, this book has all the right ingredients to become one of my favorites.

Still, the presence of all the right ingredients doesn't automatically make for a great read. One has to mix, shake and stir those very ingredients in just the right way and it is exactly in this department that this second issue lacks somewhat. Granted, there is a lot of shaking and stirring in the issue at hand here, but mostly it's the wrong kind. After the shocking

developments of last month's premiere issue, I would've expected an issue in which the ramifications of Sophie's change into Promethea were explored and carefully considered. Instead, Alan Moore throws his main characters straight into a big brawl with two deadly demons, thereby making this tale feel a bit rushed and robbing it of most of its depth.

Despite this criticism, there was still much to enjoy about the story, with especially the dialogue being of a very high standard. Writing dialogue is one of the most difficult elements of a comic book to create and it disturbs me to see in how many comics these days the writer uses dialogue to force-feed the reader every bit of information the reader needs to understand the current storyline. Fortunately, with Alan Moore at the helm, you just know that when you're reading dialogue, it feels like you're actually listening in on two people talking to each other. Realism obviously is the key here, as in the long run it's only through realistic dialogue that one can fully understand a character's personality and inner motivations.

In that regard, the future for *Promethea* looks very bright indeed. If upcoming issues don't continuously throw Sophie from one big fight into another and actually take the time to show how she tries to deal with the incredible changes in her life and how it affects her and those she cares about, you might just have a winner on your hands here.

Olav Beemer
The Netherlands

**Granted, Olav, a keen sense of dialogue is integral to a good comic reading experience. BUT, we here at America's Best Comics hasten to add that nothing really says "comic," ultimately, as much as a couple of characters senselessly ripping each other's kidneys out.**

Hello Alan Moore, J.H. Williams, Mick Gray, Todd Klein and the rest of the crew,

I was looking for a new comic book to read and I came across yours for the first time yesterday. Let me congratulate you on presenting a fabulous storyline using what I believe to be Native folklore, intended or non-intended Greek mythology, great artwork and a fabulous history behind the scenes. I was thoroughly impressed with the first and second issues, keep up the great work and I look forward to reading many more issues to come. I liked the fact that you use reference between the forces of good and evil and that of course good prevails (I hope). Since you are also responsible for the debut of *Tom Strong*, *Top 10* and many others, I will consider giving these a chance. By the way, how do you manage to have time for so many different titles? How do you keep them straight?

I have one question though. Will the above mentioned titles crossover at any point? And will it be necessary to have read any of the other titles to be familiar with the characters? There is nothing I disdain more than when an issue calls for a crossover. Please let me know. Will there also be "0" or "-1" etc. issues that I should be aware of? And if so, when will they be available? Will you also be creating a web page that I can visit? I guess I had more than one question. Hope you didn't mind. Again, keep up the great work. I look forward to hearing from you and reading more issues of *Promethea*.

Thanks,
Toni

**Toni, we are more than happy to listen to all of your questions. In fact, we are in such a state of good cheer that a response of some sort may very well be in order. For starters, while several characters from the America's Best line may eventually appear together, there are no plans for any such crossovers at this time. There are also no current plans to do "zero" issues, or the like, right now. Plans are afoot, however, to expand our horizons in various ways. Keep an eye out for news in the not-too-distant future.**

**NEXT ISSUE: Sophie digs deeper into the history of Promethea, unearthing the secrets of WWI-era cartoonist Margaret Taylor Case, the first twentieth-century incarnation of Promethea! But malignant forces draw closer to Sophie, determined to put a stop to her investigation once and for all!**